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Thomson - The Charmed Fawn - 1874

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BOUGHT WITH MONEY
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THE CHARMED FAWN.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

In one Act.

BY

G. F. THOMSON.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. WHITELEY, WESTBOURNE GROVE, BAYSWATER.
1874.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING FLORINAL, *monarch of all he surveys, a prey to sadness and* ennui, *who's always in a* passion *till he gets a* pet.

PRINCE NEBROS, *afterwards a Fawn, but who, even before his transformation, is considered a little* deer.

JOGTROT, *his Majesty's Chief Huntsman, who is always searching after some little* game *to amuse his Sovereign.*

The CHAMBERLAIN, *The* VALET, } *Two* retainers *not worth* retaining.

The DOCTOR, *a Court Official, who, in administering his* draughts, *sometimes receives a* check.

The COOK, *who is continually being* roasted, *and when his Majesty is out of temper hardly saves his* baking.

PRINCESS SERINA, *the Contented One, who, on being turned out of house and home, objects to the* Workhouse, *but tries a* union *of another description.*

FAIRY GOLDSTAR, *the Good Genius of the Piece, who is* well-enchanting.

The WITCH, *a lady who is* well-enchanting *also, but in a* very *different sense.*

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Interior of the Witch's Cottage.*

SCENE THE SECOND.—*A Woody Glade near the Enchanted Well.*

SCENE THE THIRD.—*Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

SCENE THE FOURTH.—*A Cottage near a Wood.*

SCENE THE FIFTH.—*Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

SCENE THE SIXTH.—*The Terrace of the King's Palace, overlooking the Town.*

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THE CHARMED FAWN.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the* WITCH'S *Cottage.*

Enter SERINA.

Serina. An equal temper is a precious gift,—
Without it what would poor Serina do?
Through this world's storms contentedly to drift
I manage, though to *reign* should be my *due.*
Instead of that, I toil from morn till night,
A maid-of-all-work to this cruel witch.
And to my service she asserts the right,
Because, she says, she found us in a ditch,
My brother and myself. To tell the truth,
We have not had a very taking youth.
Although plain sewing does my fingers hurt,
I always make a *shift* to make a *shirt.*

SONG.

When with my brother, I was left
A bundle at the door,
Wrapped in this cotton handkerchief,
They voted me a bore.

This charm I wear my lineage proves;
But what can that avail?
My parents I shall never find,
And who'll believe my tale?

I have to tend this cruel witch
And for her fire cut turf;
She always *waives* my noble birth,
And treats me like a *serf*.

Enter WITCH.

Witch. Now then, Serina, what are you about?
Ain't you aware my room wants cleaning out?
Ser. Yes, mum.
Witch. Then go and do it in a crack.
Ser. Yes, mum! I will.
Witch. You naughty child, come back!
This child would really quite provoke a saint,
The *which* I'm very well aware I ain't.
Whate'er I do to her, she's always calm,
And never at me shows the least alarm.
Pray what have you been doing, miss, all day?
You leave your work, and spend your time in play.
To inconvenience me you do not stickle,
So for your back, I've got a rod in pickle,
With which I'll warm you. [SERINA *smiles.*
Ah, it's all no use,
She's never in a rage, the little goose.
Ser. Madam, I do not fear your threats at all!
Your influence o'er me is very small.
I'm the contented one, I'm never riled;
The first day I was born I sweetly smiled.
As for the tricks of Fate, with grins endure I all,
And *smirking*, show my spirit *is mercurial*.

Witch. Impudence! You I'll better manners teach!
Ser. It were not wise to stop within her reach.

DUET—SERINA *and* WITCH. (*Original Air.*)

Witch.

On your back, soon this rod will descend,
If idle like this you remain.

Serina.

I wish all my troubles would end—
Shall I ever be happy again?
I'm certain my birth must be high,
For of kingdoms and fairies I dream.

Witch.

If thus, miss, my power you defy,
You'll find that I can make you scream.
You've been all this time 'neath my roof,
And treated with tenderest care,
So now I shall get no reproof,
If your conduct no longer I'll bear.

Serina.

I am sure all my work has been done
In a way that would credit command;
But, instead, I a beating have won,
And the reason I don't understand.

[WITCH *pursues* SERINA *round the stage.*

Enter NEBROS.

Neb. What, beat Serina! my poor *sister* whack!
I must *assist her* now from your attack.
Witch. A tax this is upon my patience great.
Neb. You let her go, or I'll smash all the plate.
Witch. No! upon her my vengeance I must sate, oh!

Neb. Best list to the philosophy of *Plato.*
We've stood your temper long enough, old dame.
Witch. Pray, what were you, sir, when first here you came?
I took you in without a deal of fussing.
Two *workus* children all the world *were-cussing.*
I took you out of *charity,* you see.
Neb. We've had poor *dinners,* through your *chary tea.*
Ser. You've made me scrub your floors, go all day grubby.
Though of the two I know who's the most *scrubby.*
Neb. You made me, though such conduct isn't good,
Cut down your *timber* when you said *hew wood.*
Ser. And as for drawing water—through her laws,
We were, I *trow, sir,* like a *pair of drawers.*
Witch. A general row like this is what I wished.
You smash my *plates,* and you'll find you're *dished.*
I'll turn you both out! Come, get out the pair.
Oh! I mean what I say—you needn't stare.
Beneath this roof no longer shall you stop;
If you take my advice, at once you'll hop.
Neb. You turn us out! Well, we will go. Serina,
Come. Madam, you might have kept us cleaner.
I bear no malice, but still an old shed,
With canvas roof hanging in many a shred,
Is not so good e'en as a casual ward.
The only *bed* we had was our *bare board.*
Witch. The roof was kept in very good repair.
You know it was, deny it if you dare!
As for your food, you most ungrateful toad,
To make you *skilly,* lots of *skill I* showed.
You always had a place beside my hearth,
And then, my dears, remember the nice bath.
Really on me neglect you cannot fasten.
Neb. Come, don't deny you're not workhouse parson.

Witch. Ah! to my rage you're only adding fuel.
Neb. Although I own you did give us our gruel.
But as to see your passion we're not curious,
And to your health it may be most injurious,
I think we'll go. But, to be more dramatic,
Before we *hop* we'd best be *hoperatic.*

TRIO—SERINA, NEBROS, *and* WITCH. (*Air*, "*Buona sera.*")

Serina and Nebros.
We're departing, off we're starting.
Witch.
I won't detain them.
I can't pain them.
Serina and Nebros.
How audacious! earth is spacious.
We don't wish to see you more.

[*Air changes, after which exeunt* NEBROS *and* SERINA.

Witch. Thank goodness I'm alone! Those plagues are gone.
My house is tenantless. To-morrow morn
I shall not have to wake that child, Serina,
Who'd sleep for ever were she with one greener
Than I. But now I have turned out the pest;
And in a *wood* she'll have to try *for-est.*
I hear a noise—some supernatural visitor.
The Fairy Goldstar! Can it be? Is it her?

FAIRY GOLDSTAR *appears*, C.

Fairy. So, madam! this is how you treat your charges?
Witch. I know, great fairy, that your *bounty large is.*
Forgive me! To you I make all submission,
But to annoy me seemed their only mission.

Serina was the veriest little flat.
I never got her brother to eat *fat*
With his cold meat. To it he had no *leaning*.
His lazy sister never would do cleaning;
Said that her education was a bar.
With rage I might *burn*, but she wouldn't *char*.
I am sure in what I could I always pleased them.
Provided them with teas!

Fairy. Oh! yes, you *teazed* them.

Witch. I often gave them comfits as a treat;
And if they begged for more, gave them *toute de suite*.
And so to pardon me you must agree.

Fairy. Giving them *comfits* doesn't *comfit* me.
You know your bargain with our fairy band,
That you'd take all our protégées in hand.
That child, Serina, was the Fairies' pet,
So against her of course your heart was set.
The sentence of our court you'll find is hard,
Your malice for the future will be marr'd.
For twenty years you'll lose your magic power,
The spell shall take effect within an hour.

Witch. Ha! in an hour what can't a woman do?
I'll enchant all the springs the forest through,
And give them both a thirst in no mistake,
Which, *like bad lime*, they'll find it hard to *slake*.
But if they drink, some horrid form they'll be:
A lion, tiger, bear, or chimpanzee.

Fairy. Oh, horror! not to think of this before!
I fear some trouble is for us in store.
But though to crush your power it is too late,
I'll do my best your spells to mitigate.

Witch. Well, you'll excuse me, madam,—time is short,—
If with your favourites I'd have some sport.

ve sought your pardon, and I've had your curse,
ut you had never children out to nurse.

SONG—WITCH. (*Air, original.*)

I very mean would appear, if, as you say,
I to the greenwood had sent them away.
But their behaviour was such you will deem,
If I had stood it I had been mean.

With rage I oft quivered, to see her so cool;
Her obstinate brother, too, made me a fool.
I couldn't battle, so without delay,
I to the greenwood had sent them away.

When they departed, linked hand in hand,—
Why I have kept them, I don't understand,—
What a relief it was no one can say,
When they turned to the greenwood, away, away!

Everything fingering, I could not stand;
O'er their work lingering, doing the grand.
So on the whole I was glad, I must say,
When they went to the greenwood, away! away!

[*Air changes, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter NEBROS *and* SERINA.

Neb. Oh dear! I am so tired, and so dry!
ıch thirst as this I never felt before.
[y adverse fate no more can I defy
h! for a drink of water! I implore.

Ser. I also feel the same thing, brother dear,
ut my sweet temper won't let me repine.
'here is some spell upon us, it is clear,

So for the want of *water* I don't *whine*.
I am contented with whate'er may chance.
Neb. I see a sparkling stream before me dance,
I hear a rush of water, blessed sound!
The sweetest music to the listening ear,
Of one who is with thirst bowed to the ground.
Ser. Oh! very much I some misfortune fear.
Neb. I never felt such gratitude since born.
Voice. Whoever drinks of me will be a fawn!
Ser. Ah! brother, do not drink. Take my advice.
Neb. My thirst won't let me argue, sister mine.
Ser. You to your doom; 'tis meant but to entice.
Neb. To me the sound of *water* is *de-vine*.
Ser. Brother, forbear! to drink would be insane.
This craving after *water* is *sham pain*.
Come, you'll forget it; let us leave this place.
I think your sister you had best obey—
Thus to be taken in would be disgrace.
Neb. No! in this state I really cannot stay.
Sister, adieu! my thirst to quench I go,
Though what may be my fate I do not know.
Ser. Your shape will change, so be advised in time.
Such warning to resist would be a crime.
Neb. No! every minute does my thirst increase,
So now of life to take another lease. [DUET, *and exit* NEBROS
Ser. Ah! my poor brother! I knew what 'twould be.
He stoops! he drinks! alas! what do I see?
His form is changed! Oh, dear! what shall I do?
Those warning voices he has found were true.
I cannot wander in this wretched plight;
And quite alone; why did he take to flight?
Now, poor Serina, driven to despair is.
This conduct *foul is*, coming from the *fairies*.

Fairy GOLDSTAR *appears.*

Fairy. Cheer up, Serina! do not be cast down,
Your troubles very soon will have an end.
Although the Fates on you have seemed to frown,
In Fairy Goldstar you have found a friend.
Don't fear! Beside you I will always stay.
Take care your brother doesn't get away,
And every night his form he shall resume;
But ever, at the break of early morn,
I fear we cannot yet avert his doom,
And he must once again become a fawn.

Ser. Madam, my gratitude can know no end.
In you I have indeed a valued friend.
I've a sweet temper, but I must confess,
It's irritated in this awful mess.
To see his wilfulness my hopes destroy,
He always was a *buck*, the poor dear boy.

Fairy. Guard well that amulet around your neck.
If lost, your temper would be quite a wreck.
In fact, I even think I may so far go
As to predict that you'd be a virago.

Ser. How wonderful! 'Tis this, then, makes me bear
The blows of Fate with such a tranquil air.
Madam, I'll guard it well, you may be sure,
Though hoping I've not much more to endure.

Fairy. You see a cottage in the leafy glade;
Well, for the future, there your home is laid.
Room for your brother and yourself you'll find.

Ser. We still are happy, though Fate is unkind.

Enter WITCH.

Witch. Don't be too sure of that. I've not yet done,
Until that magic charm from you I've won.

I choke with rage. Ha! ha! I cannotbear it.
That *amulet!* Why *am you let* to wear it?

[TRIO, *and exeunt. Ballet here.*

SCENE III.—*A Saloon in* KING FLORINAL'S *Palace.*

Enter DOCTOR, CHAMBERLAIN, VALET, *and* COOK.

SONG.

Cham. The temper of our monarch is distressing.
Val. Ah! you should only see him while he's dressing!
To bring his *slippers* is a *slippery* task.
About his *boots* 'tis *bootless* quite to ask.
'Twas but this morning he began to holler
In a fresh *passion*, touching a new *collar*.
Cook. Who'd be his cook? My occupation's gone.
I do my best his table to adorn;
But for my fish he's no imagination,
And *soup's* a work of *super*-erogation.
I try in vain my gastronomic art,
He bawls himself quite *hoarse*, sir, with my *carte*.
Doc. I really cannot contemplate with ease
His *doctor docked* a good deal of his fees.
He won't take *bark*, and so far goes his spleen,
That to the *dogs* he throws all his *quinine*.
He says no longer in our draughts he'll swim,
And *bowl us* over if we *bolus* him.
Cham. I shall resign. This is a sorry court.
Doc. And so shall I—I really think we ought.
Cook. I, as the cook, shall send him in my bill.
Val. He makes his *valet* feel a little *hill.*

Cham. I hear his Majesty approaching.
Cook. Oh!
If that's the case, I think we'd better go.

Enter KING.

King. Oh! for a new sensation! It's a bore
To find that everything's been done before.
I've *ridden*—it's a pastime I *deride*,—
In fact, I may say everything I've tried.
I've been to *Hurlingham*, and pigeons shot,
Hurling'em from the skies makes me so hot.
I've even tried hard work, and ploughing gone,
To dissipate the *blues* I've put one on.
Cham. Sire, let's play at bowls.
King. Alas, I doubt,
'Twould but remind me that I'm quite *bowled* out.
Cham. Sire, let's dance. *Trois temp* is all the go.
King. No! Valsing with a man I must vote slow.
'Twould but remind me of my youthful flower—
That *roseate* time when I tried the *redowa*.
I used to dance it well, but now, you see,
Mazurkas are *most irksome* to me.
The polka I don't like: try it I sha'n't,
And as to dance the *can-can*, I *can't—can't*.
Cham. Sire, permit me, I will try and sing.
King. To desperation would you drive your King?
Your notes won't pass with me, your voice is cracked.
Cham. Well, to invent a pastime, I am racked.
Then, sire, let's tell tales,—in that I glory!
King. There's something wrong, sir, in your upper *story*!
What! the old Christmas Annual dodge, perhaps,—
Sit round the fire, and tell of spirit raps.
And do you think 'twill be one of your boasts,
You've raised my *spirits*, just by raising *ghosts*.

We won't tell tales. Hast nothing to suggest?
Cham. No, really sire! I have done my best.
King. All's of no use—I'm really used up quite.
I've Banting tried to make myself feel light.
My *ennui* made me stout; you'd not have thought
That I to such a pass could thus be brought.
Whene'er I had to entertain a bevy,
I at each drawing room was a little *eavy.*
But Mr. Banting pulled me down like winking—
I was a *fat-king,* now I'm not, I'm *thin-king.*
My appetite is gone—all things I've done—
But who is it this way doth hither run?
'Tis my chief huntsman—what has he in view?

Enter JOGTROT.

Jog. My gracious liege, I think I've something new.
King. Have you, my noble sportsman? How d'ye do?
Thy story quick! To hear you, sir, we burn!
Jog. As thro' the forest, sire, I did return,
A little hind attracted my attention.
That I gave chase to it I need not mention.
Of course it ran away, hearing a sound,
And quickly bounded, as if homeward bound.
At last, when with this chase I was quite haggard,
The deer came to a cot; I was quite staggered
To see it lift its pretty little paw,
And give a double rap upon the door,
Which straight was opened by a damsel fair.
Further to mention her I do not care.
See for yourself—I'm sure you'll say the same—
If disappointed, I'll take all the blame.
King. My faithful Jogtrot, now I think you've hit
A scheme indeed to cheer me up a bit.

Cham. Thank goodness something is at last contrived,
And our good monarch's spirits are revived.
Ho! menials, all your sovereign's praises sing,
To greet this *well king*, let the *welking* ring.
King. My brain's on fire! I feel I am in love!
And every scruple to the winds I shove.
Oh, tell me, Jogtrot, is she short or tall?
Her ankles good—of course, her hands are small?
Let us be off at once myself to cheer,
This *stunted* fawn of yours is a *high deer*.
I'll seek where she does herself bestow,
To dissipate our *ennui, on we go!*

[SONG, *and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—SERINA'S *Cottage in a Woody Glade.*

Enter SERINA.

Ser. Where can my brother be? It's getting late.
When once the chase he scented, he was off.
That I have let him go, myself I hate.
Oh! why at my directions did he scoff?
Should any harm have happened to my fawn,
There will be no more joy for poor Serina.
Night's coming on, but I have cause to *mourn*.
The witch's vengeance sure could not be meaner.
I hear a footstep; can it be my brother?

Enter NEBROS.

Neb. Sister, I'm wounded—help me to the door.
I would the deer they shot had been another.
I feel I cannot hold up any more.
They came upon me in the forest there;
A stroke from the king's spear has made me lame.

Ser. I told you that for this you must prepare.
Ah! brother dear, you have been much to blame.
How did it happen that you thus were hit?
You must be guilty of great want and care.
Remember that each day at home I sit
While you these needless perils always dare.
Neb. Well, when I left you in my usual way,
Feeling myself just changing to a fawn,
Just in those woods I thought I'd go and play,
When suddenly I heard the hunter's horn.
Twas the king's party that upon me came.
I tried to run, but not, alas, in time,
For our good monarch, with his well-known aim,
Of disobeying you chastised the crime.
And just as I had managed to escape,
The evening came, and then I changed my shape.
They'll make a *raid* upon us I'm afraid.
Ser. We'll seek the fairies' help against *their aid.*
But let me bind your wound up, brother mine.
Neb. 'Tis nothing; I already better feel.
Ser. You think, no doubt, your conduct very fine,
And in your *toe* the wound will quickly *heal.*
Come in, and I'll support you, never fear,
To me, since your misfortune, doubly *dear.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter DOCTOR, CHAMBERLAIN, VALET, COOK, *and* JOGTROT.

Cham. This way I'm sure he went. Our King's gone mad.
To leave his service I'll be very glad.
We'll never find again the wretched stag;
I am so tired, no more myself I'll drag.
Jog. Our monarch is enraged. He has been lately.
Don't make a *noise,* for that *annoys* him greatly.

He fancies that with love he is on fire,
You'll be much *lower* if you meet his *ire*.

Cook. He comes—be careful—he looks very cranky.

Cham. Well, yes, I think I'll take your warning—thankee.
There is the hut; but to get in, you see,
Would, I'm afraid, a *hutter* failure be.

Enter KING.

King. Lost is the trail to drive me to distraction,
A *track* to shun that leads to such *attraction*.
Don't cross my path, I am a very strong bow,
You'll feel my crossbow if you've drawn the longbow.

Jog. Sire, my words were true, as you shall find.

King. I hope so, for your sake; but never mind!
Now to approach my love, to kneel before her
Inside that *door*, to tell her I *adore her*.
But, hark! a sound! Let's hide—some one approaches.

Cham. This King on our humanity encroaches.
I shall rebel! Ahem!

King. Ha! ha! a sound!
Oh! why toslay my subjects am I bound?
With rage I'm torn; get out, I can't abide you.

Jog. I think you'd better *hide*, or else he'll *hide* you.

[*They hide.*

Enter NEBROS *and* SERINA *from hut.*

Neb. Sister, I must away, the morning breaks.
You know that nothing my resolve has shaken.

Ser. He loves the forest, and at nought he quakes;
But, brother, dear, suppose you're overtaken?
I do not think I could survive your loss.

Neb. I feel my form is changing every minute.
If you don't let me go, I shall be cross.
The house I can't stop any longer in it.

Ser. Well, brother, if you go, mind you come back
As soon as even falls. Let no attack
Prevent your quick return. Give your three taps
And I will open to you ; or, perhaps,
If we neglect the signal, some intruder
Will break my privacy.
King. (*Aside.*) I'll not be ruder
Than I can help. She's charming! I have seen
None other I'd so like to make my queen.
Good Jogtrot, thanks. She'd any place adorn.
I'll wait and give the signal when he's gone.
Neb. Sister, farewell ! I feel my nature change ;
And I am panting for the woody glade.
O'er hills and dales 'tis my delight to range.
Ser. Ah ! brother, for your safety I'm afraid.
Neb. Don't fear for me, I'm skilful the wood's ways in.
Now, like a *lawyer*, I must go to *Gray's Inn.* [*Exit*
Ser. No way to break the spell ! Well, I'll go home.
I hope in safety he'll contrive to roam.
I'm very dull alone the livelong day ;
I wish that I could make him with me stay. *Exit*
King. Now is my time to give the wish'd for token ;
I sha'n't be happy till with her I've spoken.

[*Taps at door of hut.* SERINA *runs out*

Ser. Brother, so soon returned ? Gracious, a stranger !
King. Fairest of damsels, don't fear any danger.
I love you ! Wandering the forest through,
In search of game, you met my ravished view.
Ser. I do not know however that may be,—
It's not polite, sir, to make *game* of me.
I've a sweet temper, as perhaps you've seen,
But must confess I don't know what you mean.

King. Oh! damsel, hear me. If you'll be my wife,
I'll promise a pleasant sort of life.
I am the king, which I forgot to mention.
Ser. You say to marry me is your intention;
But our acquaintance is so short, you see,
And you have not been introduced to me.
King. I do not think that need be an obstruction—
To such a *duck* who needs an intro*duc*tion?
I never stand on forms—say you'll be mine—
On my existence condescend to shine,
And we, I'm sure, shall be a happy pair.
Ser. For courting in such haste I do not care.
(*Aside.*) He's very handsome, I'm prepared to own;
And then it's rather nice to share a throne.
King. You hesitate! Ha! ha! Can this be fiction?
This monarch isn't used to contradiction.
Ser. What sort of temper have you?
King. Very bad.
The slightest contradiction drives me mad.
Ser. (*Aside.*) He's just the one for me. I can't resist.
A chance like this, I think, should not be missed.
King. I'll trouble you, miss, quickly to decide.
Ser. A moment—well, perhaps I'll be your bride;
But you with me your tongue must never bridle.
King. My dear, I think that caution is quite idle.
I can't control my temper in the least.
I'll take you back at once. The wedding feast
Has been prepared in case of your consent.
Ser. I see that to make sure of it you meant.
(*Aside.*) Ah! constant contradiction—what a treat!
Perhaps his wife he'll feel inclined to beat.
Delightful thought! But stay—there's my poor fawn—
He'll be unhappy when he knows I'm gone.

King. We'll take him with us. Nay, don't contradict!
For I don't wish my temper to inflict
On you so soon. So you had best beware.
Ser. There is my hand! Refuse you I don't dare.

Enter JOGTROT *and* Retainers.

Jog. What! wooed and won so soon? Upon my word,
From any other it would seem absurd.
Permit me to felicitate your choice,
And in congratulation raise my voice.
King. But now away! This scene's been seen too long.
Ser. We'd best have a few minutes for a song.

[SONG, *and exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Ante-chamber in* KING'S *Palace.*

Enter WITCH.

Witch. Foiled at all points! Serina's wedding day
I little thought to see. The Court is gay.
What can I do her happiness to check?
I know!—the amulet about her neck!
It must be got away. Her temper gone,
The King will wish he never had been born.

SONG. (*Air, original.*)

When first I took to farming babes,
The trade was very good.
But now I fear, by the police,
'Tis little understood.

We are obliged to give them food,
And treat them like our own,
Or else there's an inquiry made,
And into gaol we're thrown.

The magistrates don't see the joke
Of letting children starve;
And so the tit-bits we would eat,
For them we have to carve.

But who are these? They seem as if they'd dined.

Enter JOGTROT *and* CHAMBERLAIN, *very tipsy.*

Jog. If I push you, old fellow, never mind.
Our King ain't married every day, you know.
Old lady! don't you think you'd better go?
Witch Good gentlemen, I pray you won't be crusty.
I wish to see the King!
Jog. No! we are trusty.
His Majesty would hear with indignation
You, at the *revel*, make a *revel*ation.
You'll have to let it keep, mum, I'm afraid.
Witch. It is about the very beauteous maid
The king has made his wife I wish to speak.
You'll find that in the sequel I will seek
His Majesty's repose on which encroaches
His new-made bride.
Cham. His majesty approaches!

Enter KING, SERINA, *and* Suite.

King. Now, fair Serina, the fast knot is tied
Which has made you my young and blushing bride.
How do you feel?
Ser. Sire, I feel quite charmed,
And at that *knot* am *not* at all alarmed.

To take care of my brother I am able,
And in his *stall* his bliss at least is *stable*.
My temper mild with yours will be contrasted.
Witch. I think your bliss quite long enough has lasted.
Behold me here your wedded life to spoil!
Ser. Caught in your toils? How long I used to toil
I quite remember; but that's over now.
You'd best get out, or there'll be such a row.
Witch. King Florinal, beware! You are deceived.
King. Ma'am, of your presence we would be relieved.
Witch. But hear a word. To prove your wife's devotion,
I think that I can give you a good notion.
You see that jewel sparkling on her breast?
King. I have observed it, it must be confessed.
Witch. It is a charm by which she keeps your love.
Now you admire her all girls above.
That once removed, you'll see her as she is.
You'd best believe me, for I do not quiz.
King. If that's the case, my love,—to come it strong,—
Upon your *breast* that jewel has been *too long*.
Ser. Horror! the Fairy Goldstar gave me warning
Never to part with this most precious pearl.
To disobey my husband I'd be scorning;
I am indeed a most unhappy girl.
King. Come, give it up, Serina. Of the test
I'm not afraid. Obey me you had best.
My temper's rising, so just let us see
You're the sweet wife you promised me to be.
Ser. Sire! it is yours. For the result I quake!
You'll find you've made a very great mistake.
King. I feel my temper gone, it's very curious.
Ser. Horror! I feel that I am getting furious!
My passion rising is too long bound down,

For my sweet temper I've had long renown.
But now I feel inclined to smash the chairs!
Alas! at me how my poor husband stares!
Oh! why the Fairy did I not obey!
My temper's getting up! Away!! Away!!!

[SONG, *and exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Hall in* KING'S *Palace.*

Enter JOGTROT, DOCTOR, CHAMBERLAIN, VALET, *and* COOK.

Cham. Did'st ever see the like? Our Queen's gone mad.
How could she e'er conceal her temper sad?
Of our poor King she has made quite a martyr,
And he away is *rushing* from that *Tartar.*

Val. She pulls his hair! E'en now she is before me;
I used to do it—now she does it for me.
She combs his hair—at me she made a rush,
And at her *combing* I was forced to *brush.*

Doc. Who would have thought our monarch could have borne it?
If he has any whim, at once she'll scorn it.

Jog. I never saw the like, with rage she's brimmin',
But to scorn *whims* is quite the way with *wimmin.*

Cook. She quite abused my dinner—brought to book
This artist—said I don't know how to cook.
Her temper in her character's a strong trait.
I shall *desert,* sir, when she makes her *entrée.* [SONG.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. What! you still here? You'd best get out the lot.
Your monarch has a pretty bargain got.

Cook. But, madam!

Ser. Silence, sir, and don't reply!

Cham. To reconcile her it's no use to try.
Ser. Where is your master?
Cham. Madam, I don't know.
Ser. How dare you answer me like that, sir. Go
And seek him right and left. If not produced,
To cut your heads off I shall be induced.
Cook. I'll read my bill of fare, it is my mission.
Ser. No, sir! of *soups* I have a *super*stition.
Be off at once! I'm boiling over quite!
Cham. Perhaps we'd better go, or she may bite. [*Exeunt.*
Ser. What a relief—at length I am alone.
Oh! how can I my great mistake atone?
I've parted with my amulet, and now
I feel myself compelled to have a row.
When the King comes, my temper will abash him.
I love him, but I'm pretty sure to thrash him.
With all this rage my spirits quite are flagging—
I've bawled myself quite hoarse with nought but nagging.
[SONG.

Enter KING.

King. Did you call, love? I thought I heard your voice.
Ser. I hope you did, sir, I spoke loud enough.
If you cross me again, you won't rejoice.
King. What is the meaning, pray, of all this stuff?
If any one had told me yesterday
I thus had stood a woman's wrangling tongue—
Ser. I asked for a new dress—you don't obey.
King. Dear, in your mind there's some delusion sprung.
It was a new dress.
Ser. Don't try to be clever.
King. 'Twas *moire antique.*
Ser. Yes, *more antique* than ever.
King. I see—Ha! ha!—that's very good for you.

'er. This insolence you very soon shall rue.
w dare you laugh at me? I'll pay you out.
King. I cannot think whatever I'm about.
m quite *cow*-ed. With rage I see she's full.
what, my darling, am I blamea-*bul*?
side.) I must assert myself. Madam! ahem!!!
ese bursts of rage I really must condemn.
Ser. You lecture me, sir! I'll show you what's what.
will not let you speak, while I am able.

Enter COOK *with dinner, which she knocks over:*

soon will make your dinner go to *pot*.
King. She's spoilt the mutton—it's quite *lamb on table.*
Cook. I won't stop here, sire, to be treated thus.
nce missus has been here, there's nought but fuss.
King. It is too true; but what can be the cause?
Ser. I shall not *pause* until I have my *paws*
a you, sir, if you irritate me so.
King. Well, this does really most perplexing grow.

Enter WITCH.

Witch. I told you of the bargain you had made.
Ser. A trap for me, by everyone's been laid.
s my turn now. Obeying you was fudge.
am your sentencer, who was your judge.
ke off her head, and never mind her crying—
rhaps the example will be *hed*-ifying.
ecute everybody in the place!!!
King. This exhibition, love, is a disgrace.
Ser. And when each one's beheaded by my malice,
l put an *execution* in the Palace.

FAIRY GOLDSTAR *appears in centre.*

Fairy. Hold! This, must not go on! I'll break the spell.

King Florinal, you know you've not done well.
Restore that talisman.

King. I've no objection.

Fairy. See that it *tallies-man* with my direction,
And you will find your wife is quite perfection.

[KING *restores talisman.*

Ser. My temper has come back—there's no more danger.
How long I've lost you—welcome little stranger!

King. I feel myself again. How could it be
That I let anybody bully me?

Fairy. Well, take a lesson from this fairy freak;
And that your wife don't rule, pray take some pains.
For your domestic peace I cannot speak,
If at your *bridle* she once takes the *reins.*

Ser. What of my brother? Must he ever stay
A fawn, to roam about the woods all day?

Fairy. No; we restore him to his former shape.
Let him be thankful, though, for this escape.

Enter NEBROS.

Neb. Human once more! Can it have been a dream
That when I stooped down by that running stream
My feet had turned to hoofs?

Fairy. Any reproof
Would be quite *boot*-less, sir, on your *behoof.*

Witch. But what am I to do—can't I reform?
I hope with me you'll not be very warm.
I have repented of my evil ways,
So your petitioner unto you prays.

Fairy. All right—repent. Let's hear of no more crime.

Witch. (*Aside.*) I'm not reformed at all—wait till next time.

Neb. Well, it appears that all forgiven be.

Ser. Stop! Not so fast; but let me ask, are we?

Trembling, we stand before your upturned faces,
Hoping that we may get in your good graces.
Can you condone our faults, and praise each virtue?
Remember, we meant to amuse—not hurt you.
Witch. And if you cannot give us an ovation,
Don't let this *sybil* hear a *sybil*-ation.
Neb. Let me not, like the Claimant, lose my cause,
But kindly help us out with your applause.
Pray do not quite pronounce our acting stuff,
And, like the jury, say you've heard enough.
Knowing that you'd our humble efforts cheer,
That you've been pleased we're not surprised to hear.

[SONG—DANCE—Curtain.

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